

1.15
1474 a.12
✓
THE

DOWNFALL

POPE OF ROME:

A POEM.

To which is prefixed,

A TYPICAL ANECDOTE OF HIS FALL.

- “ I am no enemy to TRUE RELIGION,
“ Or any thing that's for my country's good;
“ But I abhor those *lazy full-fed* Friars
“ Who neither plough nor sow, and yet they reap
“ The FAT OF ALL THE LAND, and suck the poor.”



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

IT is worthy of remark, that, when the TYPES for printing this Poem were set up, and ready for throwing off the copies, just as the Pressman was carrying the Form to the Press, the whole gave way, and fell scattered upon the floor, in a confused mass.

What renders this a circumstance of MULTIFOLD WONDERMENT is, that no such accident had ever before happened in the office.

A Literary Gentleman, upon hearing the circumstance related by the Printer, observed, that "Tho' he was no punster, he could not help thinking this was a TYPICAL emblem of the downfall of his Holiness."

Had this accident happened a century ago, it might perhaps have given rise to many ELABORATE TREATISES, in which, doubtless, MAGNIFICAL discoveries would have been made, and SUPERABUNDANT INFERENCES drawn.



III.
THE
DOWNFAL

OF THE
POPE OF ROME.

VI.

LAMENT ye Monks and Friars a',
And fling your cowls and gowns awa,
Gae break your crossies o'er in twa,
And quat your beads!
Your haly Father's got a fa'
For his misdeeds.

VII.

The French, wha lang had been his stoop,
And faught and bled to heeze him up,
Now, strange! hae gien him sic a coup,
That down he lies
Like Lucifer, without ae hope
Again to rise.

III.

Five hundred years finfyne, or odd,
 The "MAN OF SIN" reign'd like a god—
 Great monarchs trembled at his nod—
 He sank—he rais'd,
 And crowns and empires he bestow'd
 On wham he pleas'd.

IV.

He tyranniz'd o'er mony a lan';
 Now Caledonia, now Japan,
 Crouch'd low aneath his high comman',
 And thol'd his wraith,
 For the dread keys were in his han'
 Of hell and death!

V.

Of Priests he had an idle hive,
 Wha did into dark myst'ries dive,
 And superstitious rites contrive,
 Poor fools deceiving;
And roasted HONEST MEN alive,
 For not believing!!!

VI.

These popish priests, a pack of rakes,
 On BIEN auld folks inflicted pakes,
 Yea, aften had them brunt at stakes,
 Accus'd of witch-craft,
 On purpose to divide their bakes,
 By dint of such craft.

VII.

The sins of baith the dead and liven;
 By him were punish'd or forgiven;
 For GOWD he'd whirl the RICH to heaven,
 In blifs to dwell:
 But oh! the POOR were aften driven
 Wi' frowns to hell.

VIII.

Now mark the change he's undergane—
 He power ayont the grave has nane!
 His warldly kingdom too is ta'en;
 His house—his hauld;
 And now he wanders out his lane,
 Baith poor and auld.

IX.

Ye ghaists of mony a murder'd sage!
 Ye victims to Saint Peter's rage!
 Ye states that groan'd from age to age!
 Assemble a',
 And witness on the warld's wide stage.
 His total fa'.

X.

Ye auld wives at the rock and reel,
 Wha held the POPE war than the deel!
 What joy—what pleasure maun ye feel,
 Tho' life's far spent;
 Ye'll get new life frae tap to heel,
 Wi' this event.

XI.

Ye strain'd your throats till they were sore,
 With railing at the SCARLET WHORE!
 But she'll ne'er as in days o' yore
 Set up her face;
 For, now she's driven to the door
 In sad disgrace.

XII.

Tho' your great prophet, SAUNDERS PEDEN,
 Wi' Scotland's griefs was fairly laden,
 Yet wad he deem'd this land an Eden,
 Had he but liv'd.
 To see her fall he was upbraidin',
 Wha sair him griev'd.

XIII.

Ye wha to Zion ken the gait,
 And mourn'd our church's fallen state,
 Wha this great period lang did wait,
 Lift up your voice:
 A' ye wha did BLACK PAP'RY hate,
 Sing and rejoice.

XIV.

Look up JOHN KNOX, frae 'mang the dead,
 Look up, and shake your auld grey head,
 Look up—the WHORE of BAB'LON's fled
 Frae mighty Rome;
 That grand event ye aften spaed,
 Behold, is come!

XV.

Tho' ye wad hail the happy day
 That low great ANTICHRIST did lay;
 Yet, John, your heart wad maist be wae
 To see the man,
 Descending frae his ance high brae,
 Sae pale—sae wan.

XVI.

For me, his fa' I winna mock,
 Tho' I rejoice his power is broke:
 May man in sic anither yoke,
 Nae mair be bound,
 But may he lean to FREEDOM'S ROCK,
 The warld around!

XVII.

May men renounce IMPLICIT FAITH,
 RELIGIOUS WARS, and HOLY WRAITH,
 May a' that wad true knowledge skaith,
 Excite their terror;
 And COMMON SENSE, and REASON baith,
 Triumph o'er error.

XVIII.

May the fair sun of SCIENCE shine,
 Extending to "*earth's utmost line*"
 Its rays most glorious and divine,
 In radiance bright,
 Till SUPERSTITION shall decline
 In darkest night.

XIX.

Then shall the splendid dawn arise,
When men shall BIGOTRY despise,
And when its scales fall off their eyes,
From error free,
Be lost in wonder and surprize
At what they see.

XX.

Ye priests, for a' your *lang-spun prayers*,
Continued for some hundred years,
This has not been, it plain appears,
Your earnest wish,
For, of this event wha now hears
A single wish?

XXI.

Fy, fy! ye DRONES, awa, awa!
Has some deep sleep o'ercome ye a'?
Rouse up, your *gospel-borns* to blaw,
Like Sinai's trumpet,
And found to a' the world the fa'
Of this GREAT STRUMPET.

